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The New skylark

London

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THE

New Skylark

BEING AN ENTIRE NEW

CHOICE COLLECTION

Of the moſt-admired SONGS ſung at the Theatres, Aſtley's, the Circus, Vauxhall, and by Mr. Dibdin.

1 The Beggar Girl.	9 Rocheſter Laſs.
2 Flowers of the Foreſt.	10 Tarry Trowſers.
3 Muſha Pug.	11 Snug bit of Land.
4 Orphan's Prayer.	12 Girls we love ſo dearly.
5 Ghoſt of a Song.	13 Blue-eyed Maty.
6 The Country Club.	14 The Laſt Shilling.
7 Invitation of Mars.	15 Britannia's Prize.
8 Tippy Jack's Journey.	16 Medley in the Cabinet.

Printed by T. Evans, 79, Long Lane.

1. *The Beggar Girl.*

OVER the mountains & over the moors,
Hungry & barefoot I wander forlorn:
My father is dead, and my mother is poor,
And she grieves for the day that will never return.

Pity kind gentlefolks. friends of humanity,
Cold blows the wind, & the night's coming on,
O give me some food for my mother, for charity,
O give me some for I must begone.

Call me not lazyback, beggar, or bold-enough, (few,
Fain would I learn for to knit and to
I've two little brothers at home, when they're old enough,
They shall work hard for the gifts you bestow.

Pity kind, &c.

Oh! think while you revel so careless and free, (fed,
Secure from the winds, well clothed and
If fortune should change, how hard it would be,
To be at a door for a morsel of bread.

Pity kind, &c.

2. *Flowers of the Forest.*

THE flowers of the forest in spring time were gay, (of May,
And love heighten'd every soft pleasure
My Mary stray'd with me wherever I went, (and content:
And my heart was the mansion of peace
But, alas! she has left me for pastimes more gay, (away.
And the flowers of the forest all wither
The flowers of the forest in spring time were gay, (the day;
And the smile of my Mary gave wings to
But past are those pleasures no more to return— (mourn.
Her charms I adore, and her falsehood I
For, alas! she has left me for pastimes more gay, (away.
And the flowers of the forest all wither
The flowers of the forest in spring time were gay, (hopes pass away
Like their fragrance my bliss and fond
Fond hopes which I caught from the glance of her eye, (and die,
Now blighted by sorrow, fade, wither,
For, alas! she has left me for pastimes more gay, (away.
And the flowers of the forest all wither

3. *Musha Pug.*

Sung by Mr. Johanno

NOW 'twas in Abchurch-lane,
And that is in the city,
A merchant of some fame,
Yes, lov'd his cook-maid Kitty:
Her eyes, her shape, and air,
Did all his senses rankle;
And then she had, I swear,
O such a foot and ancle.

La ral, la ral laddy, &c.

Then true it was, they say,
This girl was so bewitching,
Her master night and day,
Was cooing in the kitchen:
And should his own dear wife,
Ask where he kept so snug, sir,
His answer was "my life,
To warm poor Musha Pug, sir."

Yet Kitty and her dear,
One day were in a curs'd hole,
Who, as his wife drew near,
Pops Cooky in the dust-hole;
But ma'am who miss'd the maid,
And vow'd she heard a wheezing,
Was told, 'don't be afraid,
'Tis Musha Pug a sneezing.'

Says she, 'you wicked man,
I see what you are at, sir,
If wrong me thus you can,
Take care of Tom the cat, sir
If such it is your way,
With maids to kiss and hug, sir,
I'll make you rue the day
You play'd with Musha Pug, sir.'

4. *Orphan's Prayer.*

THE frozen streets in moonshine glitter
The midnight hour has long been past;
The wind blows keen and bitter,
And pierces the piercing blast

In every vein seems life to languish,
Their weight my limbs no more can bear;
But no one soothes the orphan's anguish,
And no one heeds the orphan's prayer.

Hark! hark! for surely footsteps near me
Advancing press the drifted snow,
I die for food, oh! stranger, hear me,
I die for food—some alms bestow.

You see no guilty wretch implore you,
No wanton pleads in feign'd despair:
A famish'd orphan kneels before you,
O grant the famish'd orphan's prayer.

Perhaps you think my lips dissembling
Of virtues sorrows feign a tale,
Then mark my frame with anguish trembling,
My hollow eyes and features pale.
E'en should my story prove ideal,
Too well these wasted limbs declare,
My wants at least are not unreal,
Then stranger grant the orphan's prayer.

He's gone! no mercy man will shew me;
In prayers no more I'll waste my breath;
Here on the frozen earth I'll throw me,
And wait in mute despair for death.
Farewel, thou cruel world! to-morrow
No more thy scorn my heart will tear,
The grave will shield the child of sorrow,
And heaven will hear the orphan's prayer

But thou, proud man, the beggar scorning,
Unmov'd, who saw me kneel for bread,
Thy heart shall ache to hear at morning,
That morning found the beggar dead,
And when the room resounds with laughter
My famish'd cry thy mirth shall scare,
And often shalt thou wish hereafter
Thou hadst not scorn'd the orphan's prayer.

---

5. *Phantasmagoria, or the Ghost of a Song.*

Sung by Mr. Munden.

SINCE life's but a phantom we know,
As every sage Don must remark,
My chapter of phantoms I'll shew,
Without leaving you all in the dark

Quack Doctors attack ev'ry ill,
And pretend they can always restore ye,
But if they would shew all they kill;
It would make a fine phantasmagoria.
Sing tol lol lol tol lol de rol de rol la.

Our beaux in their dresses so spruce,
Look like goblins to wondering beholders
For finding their heads of no use,
They have sunk 'em quite into their shoulders.

With each lady my smile's good,
For when fashion so thinly has deck'd her
Howe'er she be true flesh and blood,
She looks like a tall castle spectre.

The phantom of honour some wed,
And in duels for phantoms will bleed
But if you get shot thro' the head,
You're a phantasmagoria indeed
But a truce about fighting and war,
With bullets no longer we'll bore ye,
Smiling peace surely's better by far,
And may that prove no phantasmagoria.

Of pic-nic, the secret you know,
If not I can easily unlock it;
It means that wherever you go,
You carry your fare in your pocket:
In the pocket of every one here,
Who stands with good humor before ye,
May the king's pretty picture appear,
And that is no phantasmagoria.

---

1. *Country Club.*

NOW we're all met here together
In spite of wind or weather,
To moisten well our clay;
Before we think of jogging,
Let's take a cheerful noggin?
Where's the waiter? ring away.
Where's the glees and the catches,
The tobacco pipes and matches,
And plenty of brown stout?
Yet the glasses, 'ere we start 'em,
Let proceed *secundum artem*,
Let the clerk all the names read out.
Spoken—*Gentlemen of the Quizical Society please to answer to your names—Farmer Scroggins—why I be here. Doctor Pill-leak—here. Parson Paunch—*

Tit—here So he goes on for about twenty, at laſt: you're all aſſembled, are you? All, all, all.

So here's to you, Mr. Wiggins,
Here's to you, maſter Higgins,
So put the beer about, &c.

Come tell us what the news is,
Who wins and who loſes,
Of the times what do people ſay?
Hard, hard the landlord racks us,
Then we've ſuch a-load of taxes,
Indeed! well, and how goes hay?
Why, now, there's maſter Wiſeman,
He tells the exciſeman
That the cauſe of this pother & rout—
Order! order and ſobriety,
The rules of this ſociety,
Let the ſecretary read them out.

Spoken—*Every member of this ſociety that ſpills his liquor in his neighbour's pocket ſhall forfeit 2d. Every member of this ſociety that ſinges his neighbor's wig with his pipe, ſhall forfeit 2d. Every member of this ſociety that refuſes to laugh at a good joke ſhall forfeit 2d. Every member of this ſociety who reproaches his neighbour with coming to diſtreſs by unavoidable misfortunes, ſhall forfeit 2d. Mr President, I move that this forfeit be a ſhilling, and I ſecond the motion. Are you all agreed? I am—unanimouſly. A noble reſolution. D'ye think ſo—*

Then here's to you, Mr. Higgins,
Here's to you, Mr. Wiggins, &c.

And now the potent liquor
Not even ſpares the vicar,
But in all their noddles mounts,
While among this ſet of queerers,
All talkers and no hearers,
Each his favourite tale recounts,
The ſoldier talks of battle,
The grazier ſells his cattle,
Converſation to provoke,
Till the juice of the barrel
Begets ſome curious quarrel,
While the company's loſt in ſmoke.

Spoken—*Upon my ſoul, neighbour, I had no hand in the death of your wife, it was all in the buſineſs; Nay, but dodbr, 'twere a curſed unneighbourly thing of you, not that the woman was any ſuch great things, but ought a body kick an expence. Why you don't tell me ſo! kill'd fifteen with your own hands? Fifteen by my laurels. D'ye hear it, butcher? Hear it, yes; but I'll ſay what he dares he has not kill'd ſo many as I have by hundreds. Powder my whiskers. Come, come, gentlemen, ſays the bellows-maker, no breezes. Let me exhort you to temperance, ſays the parſon. Amen, ſays the clerk. That's right, ſays the undertaker, let us bury all animoſity. That's what I like, ſaid the fidler, I like to ſee harmony reſtored. D'ye tho',*

When then here's to you, Mr. Higgins, &c

---

7. *Invitation of Mars.*

HUZZA! huzza! Mars leads the way
To great renown, my boys,
Recruits become at beat of drum,
And taſte a ſoldier's joys.
When vict'ry round the trumpets ſound,
What ſhouting rends the air!
Your valour high mounts to the ſky,
And ſpreads its triumph there.

---

8. *Tippy Jack.*

O! ye bucks and ye bloods o' the town,
Come liſten awhile unto me;
'Tis Jack, O my Jack ſo renown'd,
And tha is young Gilpin you ſee.
'Tis of what did befa it'other day,
To be ſure it was only a rig,
But this I will certainly ſay,
It was all along driving my gig!

Speaks.—*And as papa Gilpin's journey to Edmonton has made a bit of a noiſe, I will juſt give you a ſhort deſcription of my intended trip to Brighton—You muſt know, that my filly, thorough bred, in turning the corner of Garlic hill, took fright at the face of an old clothes man, and without the leaſt ceremony, pitched me plump in the centre of a mud-cart, where I began to ſing*

Ri-um-ti-idity um, &c.

Well, up I was once more again,
And thanks to my ſtars, too unhurt;
And when fix'd in my gig look'd the thing,
Except ſomething worſe for the dirt.

My elbows I knowingly fquar'd—
I fee n'd like a fwallow to fly:
When plump 'gainſt the poſt ran the mare,
And down again headlong came I.

Speaks—*Damme, I was now toſſed into a fruit ſtall, where the apples and pears roll'd one way, and I over head and heels another —Twig the taylor, ſays one—You lie, ſays another, its the barber—Oh! thank ye, gentlemen, ſays I, its only—*

Ri-um-ti-idity um, &c.

So when the damage was paid,
Away gallop'd I out of ſight,
And ſcarce had another ſtreet made,
Before the again, ſirs, took fright;
For ſpanking along Piccadilly,
I ſomehow ran over a pig,
When off ſet the bitch of a filly,
And bundled me out of the gig.

Speaks—*Oh! this was not the worſt job of all; for after paying the butcher two pound, ſixteen ſhillings, and threepence three farthings, for the loſs of his grunter; in touching the mare under the left ſtank; to evade paying the turnpike at Hyde Park Corner, ſhe run me againſt three poſts, half kill'd an old beggar woman, upſet a man-milliner, ſmach'd the ſhafts in two, and left me ſprawling in the dirt. Why don't you get up? ſays the turnpike man. Why don't you keep moving, Sir, ſays another. Damn you, ſays I, don't you ſee I'm moving? So I began to ſing*

Ri-um-ti-idity um, &c.

9. *Rocheſter Laſs.*

IN Rocheſter city a young damſel did dwell, (excel,
For wit and for beauty none could her
Admir'd ſhe was and had many a ſuitor,
But one youth above all, and he lov'd her well; (brisk ſailor,
This charming young lad, he was a
Long time he had been plowing the watry main,
The enemy inſulted the Britiſh flag royal,
He was ſummon'd to go to meet them again.

This jolly young ſailor as true is reported,
Had been but a very few weeks on the ſhore, (walking,
But as he and his true love together were
He by a large preſs gang from her was fore; (ſailor,
They cry'd, we perceive you are a young
That is fit for to fight for your country and king, (the ocean,
And as we want ſailors you muſt plough
No excuſe we'll have, you muſt face the bold rebels once over again.

It was early one morning, as day it was dawning, (received,
This blooming young fair one a letter
'Twas to inform her the ſhip had weigh'd anchor, (was griev'd;
With grief and vexation this fair one
She cry'd, O the waves they do prove ſo cruel, (ſo dear,
They have robbed me of him I eſteemed
My mind is tórtur'd with grief and vexation, (many a tear.
While from her bright eyes there fell
It was wrote in theſe words, my love don be ſurpriſed, (rough ſea,
Once more I m compell'd to plough the
But, nevertheleſs, my dear girl, don't be griev'd, (I'll be;
To you and you only true and conſtant
Tho' many a fair one I ſhall ſee, there's no doubt on't, (he ſays,
When our ſhip is in port or in harbour
No one ſhall induce me to think of another
While I am away, mind I hope in return you will do ſo by me.

So adieu, my dear Sally, till next time I ſee you, (gale,
Our ſhip's bound to Ind'a all with a freſh
Quite early to-morrow the day is appointed, (not fail;
All hands muſt prepare for to go and
So heavens protect you until the next meeting, (may be o'er,
Which I hope will be ſoon that the wars
And then, my dear Sally, we will be united in ſweet harmony,
And lead our lives happy when ſecure on the ſhore.

10. *Tarry Trowsers.*

AS I walked out one May day morning,
The weather being fine and clear,
There I heard a tender mother
Talking to her daughter dear.
Saying, daughter, I would have you marry
And live no longer a single life;
No, said she, I'd sooner tarry
For my jolly sailor bright.
Daughter, sailors are given to roving,
And to foreign parts they go,
Then they leave you broken-hearted,
And they prove your overthrow.
O sailors they are men of honour,
And do face their enemy;
Where the thundering cannons rattle,
And the bullets they do fly.
I know you'd have me to wed a farmer;
And not give me my heart's delight,
Give me the lad whose tarry trowsers,
Shines to me like diamonds bright.
Polly, my dear, our anchor's weighing,
And I am come to take my leave,
Tho' I leave you my dear jewel,
Charming Polly do not grieve.
Jemmy, my dear, let me go with you,
No foreign dangers will I fear;
When you are in the heat of battle,
I will attend on you, my dear.
Hark! how the great guns rattle,
And small arms do make a noise;
When they were in the heat of battle,
She cried, fight on, my jolly boys.
Now all young maidens take warning,
That a jolly sailor is your delight:
Never be forced to wed another,
For all their gold and silver bright.

---

11. *Snug bit of Land.*

IN the midst of the sea like a tough of war,
Pull away, pull away, yo ho! there;
Stands an island surpalling all others by far
If you doubt it, you've only to go there:
By Neptune 'twas built upon Freedom's firm base,
And for ever 'twill last, I've a notion,
All the world I defy to produce such a place
Pull away, pull away, pull, I say,
As the snug bit of land in the ocean.

From the opposite shore, puff'd with arrogant pride,
Pull away, pull away, so clever,
They oft swore as how they would come alongside,
And destroy the poor island for ever;
But Britannia is made of such durable stuff,
And so tightly she's rigg'd, I've a notion
She'd soon give the fancy invaders enough
Pull away, &c.
If they touch'd at the land in the ocean.
There was Howe, ever bold in the glorious cause,
Pull away, pull away, so stout, boys,
Who gain'd on the first day of June such applause,
And Mounsier he put to the rout, boys,
The next was St. Vincent, who kick'd up a dust,
As the Spaniards can tell, I've a notion,
For they swore not to strike, says he, damme but you must,
Pull away, &c.
To the lads of the land in the ocean.
Adam Duncan came next, 'twas in Autumn, you know,
Pull away, pull away, so jolly,
That he made big Mynheer strike his flag to a foe,
Against whom all resistance was folly,
And they sent, as you know, if you're not quite a dunce,
But a sad story home, I've a notion;
So Duncan he beat a whole *Winter* at once,
Pull away, &c.
What d'ye think of the land in the ocean?
Now the Frenchman again have come in for their share,
Pull away, pull away, so hearty,
For Nelson has set all the world in a stare,
And land-lock'd even the great Bonaparte-y;
And we'd beat them again, should their stomachs incline,
But they're all pretty sick I've a notion.
Then may victory's sword to the olive resign,
Pull away, &c.
eace crown the land in the ocean.

12. *The Girls we love ſo dearly.*

COME meſſmates fill the flowing can,
Tho' from our girls we've parted,
Puſh round the grog to ev'ry man,
Say, ſhall we be down-hearted?
Like jolly tars we'll dance and ſkip,
And foot and booze it chearly,
Then gaily drink full bowls of ſlip,
To the girls we love ſo dearly.

Freſh blows the pleaſing veering gales,
While on the ocean ſailing,
Reef top-ſails, reef, ſet ſtudding ſails,
While we're on board regaling;
For tho' the winds inceſſant blow,
Our duty's done ſo chearly,
On deck, up ſhrouds, above, below,
Here's the girls we love ſo dearly.

But now our top-ſails they are bent,
And the main ſheet's boldly flying,
Yo yea, all hands on board the Kent,
A ſtrange ſail we're deſcrying;
Luff, luff, my lads, the wind's abaft,
Our boatſwain pipes ſo chearly,
While every ſeaman, fore and aft,
Drinks, the girl he loves ſo dearly.

---

13. *Blue-eyed Mary.*

IN a cottage emboſom'd within a deep ſhade, [maid,
Like a roſe in a deſart, O view the meek
Her aſpect all ſweetneſs, all plaintive her eye, [might ſigh;
And a boſom for which e'en a monarch
Then in neat Sunday gown ſee her met by the ſquire, [deſire,
All attraction her countenance, his all
He accoſts her, ſhe bluſhes, he flatters, ſhe ſmiles, [his wiles
And ſoon blue-eyed Mary's ſeduc'd by
Now with drops of contrition her pillow's wet o'er, [whiteneſs no more,
But the fleece when once ſtain'd can know
The aged folks whiſper, the maidens ſook thy, [deny,
To town the ſquire preſſes, how can ſhe
There——behold her in lodgings, ſhe dreſſes in ſtile, [but reads Hoyle,
Public places frequents, ſighs no more
Learns to ſquander, they quarrel, his love turns to hate, [fate.
And ſoon blue-eyed Mary is left to her
Still of beauty poſſeſs'd and not yet void of ſhame, [tute's name,
With a heart that recoils at the proſti-
She tries for a ſervice, her character's gone, [known:
And for ſkill at her needle, alas! 'tis un-
Pale want now approaches, the pawn-broker's near, [diſappear,
And her trinkets and cloaths one by one
Till at length ſorely pinch'd and quite deſperate grown, [town.
The poor blue-ey'd Mary is forc'd on the
In a brothel next lee her trick'd out to allure, [endure,
And all ages, all humours, compell'd to
Compell'd, though diſguſted, to wheedle and feign, [all pain;
With an aſpect all ſmiles, and a boſom
Now careſs'd, now inſulted, now flatter'd, now ſcorn'd, [only ſpurn'd,
And by ruffians and drunkards oft wan-
This worſt of all miſery ſhe's doom'd to endure, [impure.
For the poor blue-ey'd Mary is now an
While thus the barb'd arrow ſinks deep in her ſoul, [bowl,
She flies for relief to that traitor, the
Grows ſtupid and bloated, and loſt to all ſhame, [her frame;
Whilſt a dreadful diſorder is pervading
Now with eyes dim and languid the once blooming maid, [laid,
In a garret on ſtraw faint and helpleſs is
O mark her pale cheek, ſee ſhe ſcarce take her breath, [in death.
And lo! her blue eyes are now ſeal'd up

---

14. *The Laſt Shilling.*

AS penſive one night in my garret I ſat,
My laſt ſhilling produc'd on the table,
That adventurer, cry'd I, might a hiſt'ry relate,
If to think or to ſpeak it were able;
Whether fancy or magic 'twas play'd me the freak,
The face ſeem'd with life to be filling—,

And cry'd, inſtantly ſpeaking, or ſeeming to ſpeak—
Pay attention to me, thy laſt ſhilling.
I was once the laſt coin of the law, a ſad limb, [faulter,
Who in cheating was ne'er known to
Till at length brought to juſtice, the law cheated him,
And he paid me to buy him a halter.
A Jack Tar, all his rhino but me at an end,
With pleaſure ſo hearty and willing,
Tho' hungry himſelf, to a poor diſtreſſed friend, [ſhilling.
Wiſh'd it hundreds—and gave his laſt
'Twas the wife of his meſſmate, whoſe gliſtening eye
With pleaſure ran o'er as ſhe view'd me,
She chang'd me for bread, as her child ſhe heard cry, [me;
And at parting with tears ſt bedew'd
But I've other ſcenes known, riot leading the way,
Pale want their poor familie chilling,
Where rakes, in their revels, the piper to pay, [laſt ſhilling.
Have ſpurn d me, their beſt friend and
Thou thyſelf haſt been thoughtleſs, for profligates bail,
But to-morrow all care ſhalt thou bury,
When my little hiſtory thou offereſt for ſale,
In the interim ſpend me and be merry,
Never, never, cry'd I—thou'rt my Mentor, my mule,
And, grateful, thy dictates fulfilling,
I'll hoard thee in my heart—thus men counſel refuſe, [ſhilling.
Till the lecture comes from the laſt

---

15. *Britannia's Prize.*

HEARING the news the other day,
The proweſs of our gallant tars,
Their girls on ſhore were heard to ſay,
While weeping at their bleeding ſcars,
What *ſon* of all the valiant crew,
Said Nancy, wou'd you wiſh to chuſe,
While near her ſtood young Sal and Sue,
And Poll with her morocco ſhoes.
Give me young Thomp-ſon, Sally cry'd,
Said Sue, my choice ſhall Wil-ſon be,
Poll wiſh'd for Jack-ſon by her ſide,
Then Nan ſaid, Nel-ſon's left for me;
Britannia riſing from the main,
With fury darting from her eyes,
Bade Nancy make her choice again,
And vow'd that Nelſon was her prize.

---

16. *Medley ſung by Mr. Munden, in the favorite Opera of the Cabinet.*

NEAR Kew one morn, was Peter born,
At Limehouſe educated;
I learnt to pull with Simon Skull,
And a tightiſh lad was rated;
For coat and badge I'd often try,
And when firſt oars, 'twas who but I,
While the pretty girls would archly cry:
'Ah, did ye did not hear of a jolly young waterman,
'Who at Blackfriars Bridge uſed to ply?
'He feather'd his oars with ſuch skill and dexterity,
'Winning each heart and delighting each eye.'
But grown a man, I ſoon began
To quit each boyiſh notion;
With old Benbow I ſwore to go,
And brave the foaming ocean,
With him I ſail'd twelve years or nigh,
And ſaw the gallant hero die,
Yet 'ſcaped each ſhot myſelf, for why—
'There's a ſweet little cherub ſits up aloft,
'To keep watch for the life of poor Jack.'
To Italy, a great grandee
Brought me, thro' fortune's ſtcerage;
By chance of war, a Britiſh tar
May meet Italian peerage;
Now hither ſent by friends unkind,
And in *this* iſland cloſe confin'd,
I ſigh for *that* I've left behind,
'For, O its a nice little land,
'A right little, tight little iſland,
'May its commerce increaſe,
'While the bleſſings of peace
'Make glad every heart in the iſland.'

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